# New York Tribune

**First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements**

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## The Near East Crisis

Mustapha Kemal's victory has put a new face on the Near Eastern situation. Smyrna in flames is one symptom. The gathering of Allied forces along the Dardanelles and on the Marmora front is another. A new threat to European peace is to be reckoned with. Kemal lifted a conquered nation out of the dust. He has restored the Turkish soldier's confidence in himself and rekindled the enthusiasm of the Moslem world for its fighting vanguard, that remnant of the faithful which so long retained a political hold in Europe and which by common consent enjoyed the honor of perpetuating the Caliphate. Can the recreated Turk be kept an exile in Asia?

Kemal began the work of regenerating Turkey under discouraging circumstances. The Caliph and his government in Constantinople, under pressure from the Allies, signed the armistice and the crushing Treaty of Sèvres. The latter was a death warrant to the old Turkish Empire It cut away all the Arab lands. It freed Armenia, assigned western Asia Minor and most of Thrace to Greece and made Constantinople and its environs an internationalized district. The Straits were to be neutralized and stripped of fortifications. The Caliph was to become a second "prisoner of the Vatican."

Kemal refused to accept the treaty. He gradually set up a Nationalist Turkish government at Angora. His military resources were small. He had to fight the Greeks, who, under Venizelos, had engaged to execute the Sèvres compact for the major Allies. In 1920 his forces were driven back from the Smyrna district and the Straits region. He reconquered most of Armenia in Turkey, but on the west front was only able to hold the line of the Constantinople - Bagdad Railroad, covering central Anatolia.

Cut off from military supplies, the Turkish Nationalist state would probably have fallen early in 1921 had not the Greeks, in a fit of pique, recalled their evil genius, Constantine. The Allies would no longer intrust him with the execution of the Sèvres treaty. Their boycott threw a life line to Kemal. He felt that he could whip Tino if the Allies held off. Tino saw to it that they did hold off. He defied their authority and repudiated the revision of the Sèvres treaty which they sought to force on him.

This revision conceded much to Angora. But Kemal could not realize on these concessions until he had settled with the Greeks. Last year Constantine's bigger army seemed twice to have him by the throat. But each time the invader was shaken off. Finally, this year, the Turks launched their resistless "march to the sea."

The Nationalists are flushed with their almost unbelievable military success. Kemal now asks for all of Asia Minor and most of Thrace. These were already assigned to him by the Allies. But he also asks for Adrianople, an Ottoman "holy city," and for Constantinople, the ancient seat of Turkish temporal and spiritual power.

Constantinople is the only real bone of contention. The Allies have been occupying and administering it. It is nominally internationalized, but practically British. Great Britain aims to keep it denationalized. France is only partially with her in this aim. With a view to conciliating their Moslem dependencies, the French are willing eventually to recognize Turkey's nationalist aspirations, even to the point of readmitting the new Turkish nation to its former capital.

French and Italian policy in the Near East is pro-Turkish and in conflict with British policy. Great Britain is trying to induce Rumania and Jugo-Slavia to oppose a restoration of Adrianople and Constantinople. If Kemal crosses the Dardanelles he invites war with the Allies—certainly war with Great Britain and the Balkan powers which may be won to her support. The Balkans threaten again to become a national melting pot, as they were before the World War.

Will Kemal attempt to invade Thrace or will he seek another peaceful revision of the Sèvres treaty? Events will soon show. The return of the Turk politically to Europe would be a dramatic reversal of what seemed to be accomplished fact. It would rub the wrong way all European and American preconceptions. It would be a crime against history. But Europe is dealing now with a strange phenomenon. The "Sick Man" of the nineteenth century was sentenced to death. He did not die. He was born again in heroic effort. It is therefore a disturbing moral as well as a physical problem with which the patchers-up of the Sèvres treaty now have to wrestle. The Turk is regenerated. But is he fit to come back into post-war Europe, and is post-war Europe a good place to let him come back into?

## The End of Persecution

The failure of Commissioner of Markets O'Malley to secure from the Board of Estimate an appropriation for a vast army of market supervisors and assistants ought to end the system of persecution that has victimized pushcart peddlers in the public markets. The cost of licenses would have been as great to the peddlers if these employees had been on the city pay roll as it would had they continued to pay themselves out of the license fees.

The peddlers' only salvation from persecution is cheapened cost of the maintenance of the markets. This seems assured by the attitude of the Board of Estimate. In the judgment of experts who have studied the situation there is no reason why the peddlers should be taxed more than $10 or $12 a year for the privilege of using the markets, instead of $52, as at present.

The purpose of these municipally conducted vending places is, as announced by the Mayor, to bring down the cost of food to the poor. That purpose has not been well served, because in the past the peddlers have been overcharged for licenses and have naturally been forced to pass along to their customers the cost of high license fees and the tips they were forced to pay for good locations and for the removal of refuse.

Furthermore, speculators came into the markets, bought the most desirable produce from the farmers and sold it to grocers who served wealthy customers in other parts of the city. These conditions have been made plain by The Tribune in a searching investigation, with the result that graft has ended and an effort is being made to make the markets a real help to people of small means.

The interest of Mr. Justice Cropsey in the matter and his order forbidding the paying of licenses to unauthorized collectors brought it to an issue. The result will be honestly conducted markets and cheaper food, provided vigilance is not relaxed.

## Covering Up Defeat

It is the natural endeavor of Mr. Gompers and Mr. Jewell to create an impression that the rail shopmen's strike—in itself a disastrous failure—somehow injured the status of the Railroad Labor Board. They point out that the minority roads which are taking strikers back have agreed to the appointment of joint boards to adjust disputes over seniority and other questions. "Ha, ha!" say the strike apologists; "we have left the Railroad Labor Board out of all this!"

It is an illusory claim. The Labor Board decided a dispute carried up to it by shopcraft unions. The shopmen walked out as a protest against the decision. But the latter still stands in its entirety. In the settlement with the minority roads it was plainly stated that the men should return to work at the wages fixed by the Labor Board. All the men asked was an opportunity to go back to work without definitely surrendering all seniority rights. They certainly didn't strike simply for the purpose of compelling the roads to take them back on such a basis.

The Labor Board was never asked to pass on the waiver or non-waiver of seniority rights. It had simply said in one of its early decisions that it would not recognize the existence of hold-over seniority rights if the question ever came before it.

The transportation law authorizes railroads and employees to deal with each other directly on all questions of wages and working conditions. Under the minority settlement each road treats with its own men. The Labor Board's services may be invoked by either side to settle an unyielding controversy. There can, therefore, be no slight to the board in direct negotiations. The more direct settlements made the better it will suit the board, the chief function of which is to pass on issues on which direct negotiation fails.

The board's authority, assailed by the shopmen, was not overthrown. The strike's failure strengthens its hands. That failure demonstrated, however, the foolishness of not giving the board ample power to enforce its decisions. It is the defender of the public interest. This defense would be more effective if the Railroad Board could be combined with the Interstate Commerce Commission, thus creating unified authority and responsibility. This may come later. For the present the board has done what it could. And it comes out of the strike vindicated, to the extent that the strikers have had to bow to its judgment.

## Still the Best Policy

The prompt expulsion from the New York Stock Exchange of members found guilty of unethical practices is evidence that in big business honesty is still the best policy.

It also shows that the New York Stock Exchange, despite the fact that it does not meet the approval of William Jennings Bryan or Samuel Untermyer, is determined to keep its house in order.

Wall Street has suffered in the last year because of the failures of many bucketshops and of heavy losses to honest investors as a consequence. But bucketshops are not members of the Stock Exchange, nor does that body knowingly countenance shady transactions by its members.

So much has been said and is being said against it that when it proceeds aggressively to rid itself of dishonest firms as soon as their dishonesty is detected it is entitled to a word or two of commendation.

## The Career of Justice Keogh

The members of the bench and bar who will this afternoon pay their tribute to Justice Martin J. Keogh upon his retirement will speak for a far wider circle of friends and admirers. For twenty-seven years he has served his fellow citizens as a high-minded and warm-hearted judge. Few men in the entire metropolitan district have been so widely known and beloved for every generous virtue.

It was as a trial lawyer, the ablest counsel for the defense that Westchester County possessed, that Judge Keogh gained his first fame. The simplicity and vigor of speech there developed were the natural expression of his character, and they never deserted him on the bench. His decisions, alike oral and written, were phrased with rare directness and clarity. He was a judge who in speech and in action never let truth or justice escape in a fog of legal verbiage or technicality.

Of Irish blood by every inheritance, he left no doubt during the war of his stand. By his own words and in the splendid service of his sons—begun with the Allies before our entrance into the war—the name of Keogh was recorded unmistakably on the side of right and justice. He could have had the nomination for Governor of the state on several occasions. He preferred his chosen career and his home town and his friends. He retires to-day respected and beloved as judge, as citizen and friend by the entire community that knows him.

He was a Democrat and a judge in a strongly Republican district for twenty-seven years. The Tribune is proud to recall that in 1909 it urged and applauded his renomination. The principle of non-partisanship in the choice of the judiciary was young then, and the words then written in a Tribune editorial will bear repeating now:

> "The Tribune applauds the result and the way it was accomplished. Doubtless personal reasons account in part for the unanimity of the sentiment for Justice Keogh, but nevertheless it seems reasonable to believe that his renomination and the circumstances surounding it indicate progress for the recognition of the principle of the continuance of good judges in office irrespective of politics. To the spread of this idea The Tribune has contributed to the best of its ability, and we hope the day will come when it will be no longer necessary to speak of such a nomination as that of Justice Keogh as unique."

Unfortunately, through the action of a Tammany and a Republican boss, the spread of this idea has now been wantonly halted in this county in the case of Surrogate Cohalan. The act is a long step backward from the fine example of Justice Keogh and the spirit of his career.

For all that he has stood for in his long and honorable years The Tribune tenders to Justice Keogh the sincerest gratitude and good will of that community of readers for which it may speak.

## Caring for Mental Defectives

Dr. Thomas W. Salmon's testimony about conditions in Hospital 81 answers the complaint of C. R. Forbes, director of the Veterans' Bureau, that there has been too much interference by non-governmental authorities in the care of the wounded veterans. As head of the division in the Medical Corps which had charge of mental and nervous cases during the war and as a psychiatrist of note in civil life Dr. Salmon is qualified to speak with authority about the care of mental cases among the disabled veterans. The burden of his testimony is that in Hospital 81, which is now under investigation, the physician charged with inspection is unqualified by his previous training to pass on mental cases and that the attendants in the hospital are so underpaid that only the poorest type of individual can be induced to do the work. Even the keepers in the monkey house in the zoo, he says, are paid twice as much as the attendants looking after the insane patients among the soldiers.

In other words, Dr. Salmon makes it clear that the treatment of these patients is inadequate. He makes ten recommendations to alleviate conditions. His testimony in this case merely confirms the general impression gained from the statements of such men as himself and other representatives of organizations working in behalf of the veterans—that there is room for improvement and that only by public agitation will results be achieved.

Director Forbes may dislike interference in his work. There is no implied criticism against him. But it is difficult to escape the conclusion that conditions are not as they should be. Are the monkeys in the zoo entitled to more skilled attendants than the disabled veterans?

## "Fighting Bill" Donovan

There is no reflection on Lieutenant Governor Wood in the desire of many of the leaders of the Republican party to make Colonel William A. Donovan, now United States District Attorney at Buffalo, a candidate for Lieutenant Governor.

Colonel Donovan led the "Fighting Sixty-ninth" in the World War. The record made by officers and men of that regiment is remembered with a thrill by every citizen of this state.

Those who urge him for the nomination believe that it is fitting that at least one man with a brilliant war record should be on the state ticket, and they contend that no man is better qualified as Governor Miller's running mate than Colonel Donovan. He left a lucrative law practice to go to the war. He took into it one of the "fightingest" regiments ever assembled. He came out of the war the idol of the men who served with him and with a reputation for courage and ability that was known throughout the state.

He has done excellent work in the United States District Attorney's office since his appointment, but is said to be willing to answer the call of his state if it comes to him. Colonel Donovan was discussed at an informal conference between Governor Miller and some of the party leaders at the State Fair at Syracuse, together with other possibilities for the state ticket, in which some changes are certain to be made.

Final decision, of course, will rest with the delegates, but there is no doubt whatever that if Colonel Donovan's name is brought forward he will develop a very powerful support. And it is certain that if nominated he will lend great strength to the ticket.

## More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

### The Destroyer

Now doth the busy little moth
Within the closet lurk,
Nor give himself to idle sloth
But spend his days at work.
And when our brand-new evening suit
Is taken out next fall.
It won't be worth a single hoot
And can't be worn at all.

No poets sing this insect's praise,
Though busier is he
Throughout the balmy summer days
Than any busy bee.
No hour of respite does he seek,
No moment of repose,
A mite he is, but in a week
He eats a suit of clothes.

Try as I will I always fail
To understand aright
How one so fragile and so frail
Has such an appetite.
I cannot guess how he contrives
So fast his jaws to ply,
Or how the creature ever thrives
On meals of wool and dye.

Yet undismayed by camphor balls
Each passing summer through
Among my winter clothes he crawls
And eats a suit or two.
And though no poet up to date
Has ever spoke him fair,
I think it's only right to state
That I think he's a bear!

### Too Late Now

There seems to be a general impression in Germany that losing the war was quite a mistake.

### Lucky

Russia never need worry about a coal famine. She can always burn rubles.

### What Could He Say?

We should like to know what General Sherman would have said about peace.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

## The Heyday of Isms

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It seems important to realize that under present political conditions we are liable to have fastened upon us isms of almost any kind, through amendments to the Constitution and by the passage of laws to enforce the amendments.

Candidates for Congress or for state legislatures want more than a party nomination, and so energetic agitators are able to secure promises in exchange for votes. In this way cliques, leagues or other organizations with catchy names have a good chance to regulate our mode of living.

About 40 per cent of those who could vote do not take the trouble to do so, and most of us do not know all the new legislation which our candidates may be pledged to favor. What degree of personal liberty will be left to our children is problematical and must so remain until we learn how to destroy secrecy in politics.

J. HOWARD COWPERTHWAIT.

New York, Sept. 13, 1922.

## The Tower

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### AUNT PRUDENCE HECKLEBURY

Aunt Prudence Hecklebury has rolled a ball under the bed every night for many years to make sure that a man is not hiding there.

One night, several years ago, the ball did not come out on the other side of the bed.

* * *

She opened her mouth as if to scream. . . .

* * *

Then she suddenly closed her mouth . . . without screaming. . . .

* * *

Then she looked under the bed. She saw that there was no one there after all. The ball had been stopped by a shoe. . . .

* * *

Then Aunt Prudence Hecklebury screamed. . . .

* * *

After that, once every two or three weeks, Aunt Prudence Hecklebury would throw shoes about the room in such a careless fashion that one of them was sure to lodge under the bed.

* * *

But nevertheless she always pretended to herself that she did not know there was a shoe under the bed.

* * *

And when night came she would roll the ball under the bed again . . . and it would be stopped by the shoe . . . and then she would look . . . and see that there was no man . . . and then she would scream. . . .

* * *

But she never got out of it, at any subsequent time, the same thrill that she had experienced the first time that the ball was stopped.

* * *

And as the years go on she gets less and less thrill when the ball is stopped by the shoe.

* * *

She scarcely screams nowadays . . . the noise she makes is rather a squeak than a scream.

* * *

It is becoming more and more impossible for her to pretend that she does not know that it is a shoe.

* * *

So I am afraid that Aunt Prudence Hecklebury is beginning to get really old.

* * *

Ah, me! Romance passes!

**Law Is Cheap, but It Takes Money to Buy Whisky**

The Shipping Board vessels, the last we heard, were still violating the Constitution of the United States in regard to the sale of liquor to those who can afford ocean travel.

### OUR OWN WALL MOTTOES

I TELL YOU NOW
IN
JOYFUL NUMBERS
WORK
IS BUT AN EMPTY
DREAM!
I SPEND MY TIME
IN PEACEFUL SLUMBERS;
LET ME REST,
OR I WILL SCREAM!

**"When Knighthood Was in Flower"**

That a British Cabinet minister offered a Dublin physician a knighthood in exchange for £5,000 is charged in a signed statement which *The Morning Post* prints.—*London dispatch.*

Berlin Renews Plea for Time on Reparations.—*Headline.*

Time? Why not be candid and say eternity?

*The Episcopalian bishops have voted to drop from the marriage service the word "obey," which will affect the percentage of mental reservations more than it will the sum total of obedience.*

**An Optimistic Belief in His Own Downfall**

Mr. de Valera was confident that Ireland would right herself despite the troubles through which she is passing.—*News story.*

*Dr. Sven Hedin, the famous explorer, is planning a new expedition to Tibet. He will probably find that Capt. Peter Fitzurse has preceded him and tattooed his initials on the Grand Lama.*



"Tell me the truth," writes R. P.—and we pause to inquire: When did we ever tell you aught else?—"tell me the truth, are not Capt. Peter Fitzurse and Methuselah one and the same person?"

They were years ago, R. P., but finally the Captain set up for himself. The Captain is a very agile person; in the course of his life he has run through five fortunes, three coats-of-arms, seven aliases and a distillery.

In a few hundred thousand years, no doubt, a new and superior variety of the human species will have been evolved. In the meantime perhaps it may not be a mistake to cultivate a friendly feeling for the sort already in existence.

*Some men are afraid of their consciences. Some men are afraid of bill collectors. Some men are afraid of their wives. But all men are afraid of dentists.*

Mr. Marquis doesn't have to imitate any one.—*Robert C. Benchley.*

And yet, as we both know, Robert, it's often a temptation.

DON MARQUIS.

## THE THREE NEW GOVERNESSES FROM THE CONGRESSIONAL EMPLOYMENT AGENCY




## *It's a Gift*

*By Harriette Underhill*

This is the story of Thomas True, Henry Holkum and Harold Hyperbole.

Harold must come first because he is chief title writer and scenarist with the Vox Populi Film Company. It is breakfast time and Harold is at the table with Susie Sweetser Hyperbole. They have been married three months, and Harold is having his first spasm of jealousy. Susie had been a popular actress before her marriage, but had consented to take a long vacation because Harold wished it and because Harold's salary as scenarist and title writer was quite sufficient to provide Susie with all of the luxuries which she was accustomed to expect. Harold was peevish. He had a grievance and he knew that the proper place to air it was at the breakfast table. Susie had danced six times the previous evening with Larry Larkin, and only five times with him. "You seemed pretty well taken up with Larkin last night. When are you going to see him again? Of course he is much more brilliant than I am."

"Of course he is, old dear," acquiesced Susie. "But you're the cat's whiskers in my bungalow. Pull yourself together and don't tell me you're jealous of Larry Larkin." So Harold pulled himself together, kissed Susie and went down to the studio to title his new picture, called "Her False Step." The story was about a young couple who were having their first disagreement. The husband was jealous because his bride of three months had danced six times with Harry Hawkins, and only five times with him.

Harold pondered long over the situation. It was what was known in the studio as a big dramatic moment. Finally he wrote "Matthew Brandt entered the breakfast room pale and haggard after a sleepless night; he had no chance to speak to his wife until the servants finally left them alone."

The next title must tell what the husband said after the servants had left them alone, and Harold wrote this: "Helen, I feel that our bark of happiness is headed for the rocks; shall we allow it to drift into the Sea of Sargasso—there the flotsam and jetsam of broken marriage vows swirl!" Then he took a long breath. This was great stuff he was writing this morning. Sometimes he actually wondered how he did it. And now for the wife's answer. Of course, she was blameless, so naturally she would be terribly hurt when her husband suspected her. The picture showed the young wife with a tear in her eye and a wistful smile on her lips, so Harold first wrote a title, saying: "Helen sat with a tear in her eye—a wistful smile on her lips." Harold knew that title writers always should be careful to tell just what the scene is that the people are looking at. Then the wife spoke and Harold wrote as follows: "Such suspicions are unworthy of you, an insult to that dear love which I have held as a priceless possession. I cannot explain why I danced six times with Harry and only five times with you—some time you shall know the truth—can you not trust me?"

* * *

In the same studio was a director named Henry Holkum. He was comparatively new in the directing game, so he received only $1,000 a week. Henry felt that for the past few years he had neglected his mother, who lived in Grand Rapids, but the truth of the matter was that as assistant stage manager of the Bonanza Repertoire Company Henry had neither very much news nor very much money to send home. Now it was different and he had written to mother, sending her a lot of money and inviting her to visit him in New York. Mother thanked Henry profusely for the money, which she said she had spent for some smart new clothes. She ended her letter by saying: "I can't leave just now, because you know I'm president of the Grand Rapids Kennel Club, and our dog show comes along next month. After that I'll be delighted to stay with you as long as you can stand me."

Now the new picture which Henry was to direct had a hero named John, and John's mother was living in Columbus and he had been neglecting her for the past few years. Henry decided that the mother in Columbus must be old and very feeble.

"It seems to me that I shouldn't make up so old," said the actress who had been engaged for the part. "My son is only thirty, isn't he?" "You must be at least seventy-five," answered Henry firmly, "or it won't get over. Leave this to me and I'll make you: John has neglected you and when he finally sends you money and asks you to visit him in New York you tuck the money away in your old work basket and say that it is too late—that you cannot go to New York and be a burden to him, that you are going to stay in Columbus all alone and die. It will be sure fine stuff."

* * *

On a New York newspaper worked Tom True. He was the star reporter, and his salary was $100 a week. However, Tom had heard of the fabulous sums paid by movie magnates to people who did things for them, so he decided to take a fling at it. He presented himself at the offices of the Vox Populi Film Company, and finally he secured an audience with the president. He made such a favorable impression that he was told he could write the subtitles for "Winged Woe," a six-reel special, which was awaiting the final touches. Tom was delighted. He studied the situations in the picture; then he went forth and listened to the world and his wife. Then he sat down and wrote the titles. He knew that no wife ever said to her husband: "Don't touch me, you beast!" and he didn't believe that when a man who had broken a girl's heart offered her balm money, she hissed "You unspeakable cad!" He didn't believe either that when a man inveigled a young woman to his room for supper he locked the door and cried: "Now we are alone—just you and I—what help reaches you—" or that she would then put her hand to her throat and gasp: "Not that! Not that!" So Tom, in his innocence, wrote a whole set of titles which sounded just the way people talk, and when they were finished the president of the Vox Populi read them and said "These are awful! If you do not take the picture seriously how can you expect your audiences to do so?"

"But in real life people aren't serious all the time," protested Tom True.

"Who said anything about real life? They can stay at home and see that. You've got to give the people what they want, and just at present you can't beat Hyperbole and Holkum. Come and see me in ten years. Good morning."

## *What Readers Say*

### Can't Keep a Duffer Down

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Royal Cortissoz's article "On Dufferdom" must have been read and enjoyed by many a duffer besides myself. Mr. Macdonald's apt retort, which he quotes, "A golf course is designed for men who can play golf," reminds me of a sign which is placed near the fifth tee on the Van Cortlandt Park public links: "None but golfers allowed on links."

It is impossible to avoid seeing this sign, as it is directly on the path as you approach the fifth tee. Every time I see it I have an attack of "that guilty feeling," but I am going to continue—you cannot keep a duffer down. H. V. BUTLER.

Yonkers, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1922.

### Fair Wages

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Will some one explain to me why the government, philanthropic organizations, schools and various other agencies expend time, money and energy to raise the standard of living among the laboring masses, when on the other hand the government, through its labor boards, authorizes wage scales which make a bare existence barely possible?

Whenever there is an effort among the laboring classes to get a higher wage some noisy statistician comes forward with figures to show that some ten or twenty years ago the percentage of wages to the cost of living was less. Such figures appear gross nonsense to me. If better baby contests, visiting nurses, hospital clinics, hygiene taught in the public schools have as yet accomplished nothing in the way of teaching the right way to live, better abandon them, because all these things cost money and, having educated people up to wanting them, the money must be supplied.

It strikes me that labor boards go at it from the wrong end. The question should be, "What is a fair return on the capital invested?" not "How little can I give this man and still keep him working?"

HELEN GREENE WELLS.

New Paltz, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1922.

### Sir Philip Gibbs Forgets

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Sir Philip Gibbs is weeping copiously over the present condition of poor Germany. He seems to forget that the medicine prescribed by the Allies was only mildly homeopathic and that Germany is taking it with ill grace.

He apparently forgets that French territory was invaded and partly ruined, while German territory is still intact. Evidently he is willing that France should right Germany's plight. If he did not forget that France is a nation of ideals, justice and vision he might reduce the size of his pocket handkerchief. CHARLES MORRIS.

Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 11, 1922.